

T H E
COURT-SECRET:
SA
MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

Now first TRANSLATED from the
Original ARABIC.

By an Adept in the Oriental Tongues.

*Remember that a Prince's Secrets
Are Balm conceal'd; but Poison if discover'd.*
MASSINGER.

L O N D O N:

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THE
COURT-SECRET:

OR

MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

Now first translated from the
Original Arabic.

The Court Secret, a Melancholy Truth, being an Account
of the Barbarous Treatment of the Earl of Scarborough
by his intended Spouse, the Duchess of Manchester,
written by Lord Littleton

ib. 1743

Remember that a Prince's Secrets
Are better concealed; but I give it to the world.
MANSFIELD.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Cooper at the Globe, in
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(The first Edition.)

T H E
COURT-SECRET:
A
MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

INTRODUCTION to the READER.

Friend,

IF thou art not one of those,
who think that none but odd
Fellows pore over Oriental
Manuscripts; and that the Matter
contain'd in the said Manuscripts is,
to the full, as odd as those who stu-
dy it, thou wilt not, perhaps, be
displeased with the following Frag-
ment; which was transmitted to me
from *France*, as a very great Curi-
osity,

osity, by a Member of the *Academy Royal*.

Thou must, however, accept the Translation on the same Terms that I did the Original, which is in *Arabic*; that is to say, without a Key to the Characters or Facts it treats of; History not affording us the least Assistance to guess at either: It begins abruptly, after the following Manner.

---The Hog of *Noah* was not more sensual, *Eve's* Peacock more gaudy, or *Solomon's* Horse more proud; no Fox was more subtle, no Wolf more voracious, no Dog more fawning, no Hare more timorous, and no Cat more desperate: To say then that God had given the Sultan into such Hands, was to say, that he had,

in

in a Manner, forsaken him, and that the very *Dedjeal* himself had already mark'd him out for his Prey.

The principal Point this Monster of a Vizier had in View, was to perpetuate his ill-got Power; and the Means he used for that End, was to enfeeble and oppress the People, whom he fear'd, and cajole his Master, whom he despised; in both which wicked Projects he was but too successful.

The Power and Authority he was possess'd of, soon enabled him to compass the first; but more Time and Address were requisite for the last: The Nations under his Rod found themselves divided into two Tribes, Asses and Drivers: And, not having been used to the Whip or
the

the Load, not only complain'd of the Impositions they felt, but struggled hard to remove them.

There was yet about the Sultan one Man, of the Race of *Ali Eb'n Azra*, who scorn'd the Vizier, as much as he loved his Sovereign; who seem'd to be left as an Example to the Great, of all the Virtues they ought to imitate: Fond of Fame, but more of Virtue: Loyal, but not for Reward: Free in the Delivery of Truth, but gentle in the Manner: Modest in defending himself, resolute in the Defence of others: Not void of human Frailties, but not too proud to acknowledge them: Incapable of Flattery, tho' to oblige the Woman he lov'd, or temporize with the Prince he rever'd:

ver'd : Of such exemplary Honour, that no Consideration, tho' of Life itself, was of any Weight in the Scale against it. In a Word, he was in all Things the Reverse of the Vizier ; and therefore, till he was undone, the Vizier never thought himself safe.

Nor was this Apprehension of his without Foundation ; for when he had left the Sultan, self-satisfy'd as a God, believing all his Affairs to be in the most flourishing State, his Government establish'd, his People happy, his Enemies submissive, and his Glory at the full ; the plain-dealing *Ackmet*, from Time to Time, broke the Bubble, with a single Blast, and manifested to him, that when the Waters were covered with the
most

most Froth, they were ever the most troubled.

To rid the Court of this dangerous Nuisance, and render it all of a Piece, was now become the Vizier's favourite Point ; and, in order thereto, many a pathetic Remonstrance, many a warm Complaint, and many an insidious Pretext did he urge to the Sultan : But so clear was *Achmet's* Innocence, so acknowledged his Virtue, that all the Traitor's Artifices recoil'd upon himself, and he half trembled for fear what he projected for the Ruin of his Enemy should hasten his own.

It happen'd, at length, that certain of the Sultan's Allies, taking Advantage of the Weakness and Wickedness of his corrupt Vizier's
Ad-

Administration, invaded his Frontiers, plunder'd his Towns, and led his Subjects into Captivity: Provok'd with which Indignities, all the Nations under his Command, as with one Voice, importun'd the Prince for Vengeance, and to be led forth in Arms against the Enemy. But so unwilling was the Vizier to part with any of the public Treasure, for any noble Purpose; so conscious of his Inability to conduct a War; and so fearful that new Demands on the People would occasion an Enquiry into the Application of the incredible Sums he had already squandered, that he artfully stav'd off the Rupture for several Years; meanly solliciting the Mercy of the Enemy, on one hand, and artfully pro-

promising his Fellow-Subjects Redress on the other.

But, notwithstanding his fair Promises, no Symptom of any such thing appearing, and the Tempers of the People, by a long Series of Injuries, being work'd up to a dangerous Ferment, *Achmet*, as usual, took Advantage of the Crisis, to lay the whole Truth before the Sultan; who, astonish'd to find that his Subjects had so deeply suffer'd, that his own Honour had so long been at Stake, and that so little Dependence was to be placed on the trifling Negotiations of his Vizier, not only resolved that very Instant to declare War, but offered to nominate to the chief Command, whatever General his faithful *Achmet* thought proper to recommend.

Achmet

Achmet did not fail to improve the Opportunity, and having paused a few Minutes, Lord of my Life, said he, there is a Soldier, long since laid aside by the Vizier, for speaking as a Soldier should, Truth, and deny'd the Preferment due to his Valour and virtue; I mean *Osmyn* the *Aga*. There never yet was Danger which he durst not face, nor Fraud that he would not detect, nor Vice that he would not oppose: His Sword is his Advocate; his Services bear witness of his Worth, and the Records of our Scribes will be his Memorial. He, were I worthy to advise, should go forth as thy Shadow, to chastise Licentiousness, restore Discipline, awake valour, achieve Glory, and reward Desert.

B

Thy

Thy Slaves will find him now in the Field, toiling with his own victorious Hands; thoughtless of Ambition, but dispos'd to receive thy sublime Behests with a Veneration next to that he offers up to Heaven.

Be it so, replied the Sultan. He is my Elect! Let him know, I commit both my Glory and Vengeance to his Charge. But lay thy Hand on thy Mouth, *Achmet*. This Resolution I challenge as my own, nor will I permit my Vizier to oppose it: As, therefore, thou regardest thy own Honour, or my Friendship, keep the Secret inviolably.

This *Achmet* did not fail to promise with the utmost Earnestness, and withdrew transported with his Commission; tho' not so much because

cause it was a Proof of his Credit and Power with his Lord ; as that the brave *Osmyn* would, at last, find himself in a Capacity to employ his great Abilities to avenge the Insults so long offer'd to his Country.

It was one of the standing Artifices of the Vizier, to surround his Master with his Spies ; in which he was so successful, that the Sultan had no Retirement so secret, but his Intelligence found him out ; nor was any Corner of his Seraglio so sacred, but his Emissaries had means to make themselves acquainted with all that was transacted there ; he had even bribed the reigning *Sultana* into his Interest, and furnish'd her with Instructions, which she was often to practise, in the very Moment
when

when Love and Fondness render'd
her Influence most irresistible.

'Tis no Wonder, therefore, that
he was instantly inform'd of this Ca-
binet-Conference between the Sul-
tan and *Achmet* ; or of the apparent
Satisfaction which was visible in the
Eyes of the last, when he took his
Leave : But, tho' he received Inti-
mation of the Conference, he re-
mained in total Ignorance, as to the
Subject-Matter on which it turn'd :
Not a Whisper had been heard, not
a Syllable had been dropp'd, not a
Hint had escap'd ; all was dark and
impenetrable as Midnight ; and, as
the Guilty are ever in Terror, the
Vizier was like one of the Damn'd,
till he had discover'd the Secret : In
which,

which, nevertheless, he met with almost unfurmountable Difficulties, since the Sultana herself was not only left in the Dark, but when she try'd her usual Arts, Flatteries, Endearments, Resentments, Sullennesses, Tears, Faintings, to worm out the Truth, had the Mortification to meet with nothing but downright Refusals, attended with Frowns and Rebukes.

A Prince is to his Court, what the Sun is to the Firmament: If he shines, every Object is gilded: If clouded, all is gloomy. The Resentment of the Sultan, the Vexation of his fair Favourite, and the Apprehensions of his Vizier, had given an Air of Distraction to almost every Face, nor could the dullest Observer

Observer be long at a Loss to guess the Cause.

There was then at Court a young Man named *Ibrahim*, who had endear'd himself to the Vizier, by manifesting a Genius for Intrigue, scarce inferior to his own; and who had, beside, made it appear, that he was Body and Soul at his Devotion. To him did the miserable Vizier pour forth his Discontent, rather to unbosom, than with any Hope of having it removed; and was therefore astonished to hear him, on the contrary, undertake, without the least Hesitation, to surmount all Obstacles, and procure him speedy Relief at the Peril of his Head. My Lord, said he, I am but just return'd from visiting *Fatima*, the illustrious Widow

dow of *Kara Ebn Ishmael* ; she loves *Achmet*, and is tenderly belov'd by him: As Chance made him acquainted with her Beauties in the Life of her late Lord, she has permitted him to see her unveil'd ever since his Death : Beside, their Nuptials being near at Hand, she makes no Secret of her Passion for him ; and as *Achmet*, since this secret Conference with the Sultan, has sent Letters and Excuses, when he was expected in Person, she has express'd her Chagrin for the Disappointment openly : An Incident of this Nature happen'd while I was present, and I could easily perceive, that her Resentment was not without some Mixture of the Wormwood of Jealousy : From which slight Hint, my
Lord,

Lord, expect to have all your Wishes answer'd.

Ibrahim then took his Leave of the Vizier, and return'd to *Fatima*, whom he found dispatching a Billet to *Achmet*, to insist on his immediate Presence, in order to clear up his late unprecedented Behaviour. If, said he entring, fair Lady, your Thoughts are upon your absent Lover; or you are disposed to command his Attendance, your Messenger must be dispatch'd to the House of *Osmyn* the *Aga*. The Hours he should enjoy with you, he wastes there; I saw him this Moment slip in at the Postern, as one who cared not to be discovered; and tho' 'tis probable his Visits may be innocent, 'tis possible they may be

be otherwise. If the Family of *Os-
myn* are above Solicitation ; or if
the Remembrance of your superior
Attractions secures him from any
lasting Infidelity, 'tis possible he may,
for a Moment, forget himself in the
Arms of some bewitching Slave,
whom he may intend to part with,
as cheaply as he won. ---- I say, 'tis
possible, that even *Ackmet*, for a
Moment, may be thus seduc'd, and
'tis necessary you should be deliver'd
from the Suspicion : Oblige him then
to lay open the Secret of these my-
sterious Visits to the Bottom.--- 'Tis
a Satisfaction you may demand of
him, and which he cannot refuse.

Fatima lent a greedy Ear to this
Advice, it favour'd the Passion that
was then uppermost in her Heart,

and which she was resolved, at all Hazards, should be indulged. Glad, therefore, that she had receiv'd some Intelligence on which to ground her Suspicions, she waited with ungovernable Impatience for the Arrival of *Achmet*, which was almost the Moment *Ibrahim* took his Leave; and they were no sooner alone, but she open'd her whole Heart, and that in the imperious Stile of provok'd Beauty, conscious it may command, and resolute to be obey'd.

Achmet was Thunder-struck with this unexpected Trial; but, nevertheless, defended himself like a Man of Sense, Spirit, and Honour: First by witty Evasions, Raillery, and Humour; then by general Assertions of his Innocence, and the most ardent

dent Expressions of unfeigned Affection, and unalterable Fidelity; But all this proving but Oil to the Fire, and *Fatima* still insisting peremptorily on being satisfy'd to the minutest Point; he then urg'd, that what she was so curious to know was a State-Secret communicated under the Seal of the Cabinet; remonstrated the Sultan's particular Command, and that his own Honour was pledg'd for his Obedience and Integrity.---And what, says she, my Lord, do I deserve to be made your Wife, and not to be trusted with what every Court-Spy will be Master of To-morrow as well as you? ---No, no, this is a poor, thin Pretence to evade the Truth, and put a Stop to my Enquiries. But I am not so easily

sily deceiv'd; and either resolve to
 comply, or to see me no more. At
 these Words she rose hastily from
 off the Sofa, and made towards the
 Door with such an Air, as left no
 Room to doubt she was in Earnest.---
 This was a Sight the infatuated *Ach-*
met could not bear: He follow'd
 her with Precipitation, hung upon
 her Robe, and having, in a Man-
 ner, forc'd her back to the Sofa, ga-
 zed upon her for some Minutes in
 profound Silence; during which
 Time his Heart was torn with Ago-
 nies inexpressible. At last, Love
 gain'd the Ascendancy, and *Fatima's*
 Triumph was complete. *Achmet*
 pour'd the fatal Secret into the Bo-
 som of his Beloved; made a Merit
 of the Confidence he had placed in
 her,

her, and only conjured her not to forget that he had entrusted her both with his Life and Honour. *Fatima*, on the other Hand, was so overjoy'd with her Conquest, that she tasted almost as much Pleasure from her Pride as her Love; and became so liberal of her Acknowledgments, that *Achmet* had scarce Power to perceive his own Weakness, or regret his Infidelity.

In this Temper, on each side, they parted; and the next Morning, *Ibrahim*, who was impatient to know the Success of his Artifice, paid another Visit to *Fatima*, who receiv'd him with that peculiar Air of Satisfaction, which breaks out involuntarily, when the Bosom swells with pleasing Passions which it pants to com-

communicate. *Ibrahim* instantly perceiv'd it, and did not fail to bleed her in the right Vein. It was not enough that she had carried her Point, and subdued the Virtue of so considerable a Man as *Achmet*; the Glory of it was still behind, and *Ibrahim*, she persuaded herself, for his past Information, had a sort of Right to participate in the Success. He needed only then to open the Channel, and the Stream follow'd: The dreaded, coveted, mischievous Secret could now be contain'd no longer, and 'twas hard to determine, whether the Hearer or Relater enjoy'd it most.

Ibrahim, having now carried his darling Point, made his Visit as short as possible, and posted to the Vizier, who

who gave him instant Audience, devour'd his News, and witness'd such a malignant Joy on that Occasion, as it may be suppos'd the *Dedjeal* feels on a Survey of the Damn'd. *Ibrahim*, said he, thou hast made me happy; I shall now triumph over this Fellow and his Virtue: The Empire will henceforward be wholly at my Mercy, and thou shalt command thy own Reward.

He then made the best of his way to the Seraglio, and being admitted to the Sultan; May the Days of my Lord, said he, endure as long as the Sun, and may his Glory be eternal. Here are the Seals of thy sublime Authority, with the Custody of which thou hast so long honour'd thy faithful Slave. Permit me now to resign them

them at thy Footstool, and let the
 short Residue of a Life, worn out in
 thy Service, be spent in Prayers for
 thy perpetual Felicity. Thou hast
 thought proper to withdraw thy
 Confidence from me, withdraw also
 thy Power! *Achmet* has thy Heart,
 let him also wield thy Sceptre.---But
 let me beseech thy sublime High-
 ness not to trust him too far. The
 Secrets of thy Empire are too migh-
 ty for him; even the Intentions of
 thy Goodness in favour of *Osmyn*
 the Aga have already escap'd him;
 they are become the Talk of the
 Soldiery, and the very Merchants
 canvass the Consequences over their
Kopha. I speak this from a Heart
 full of Zeal for thy Service, not in
 Envy of *Achmet's* destin'd Great-
 ness.

ness.---All this while the Sultan discovered the highest Astonishment, mix'd with Concern and Indignation, and when the Vizier had ended, remain'd for a while in a profound Silence ; after which, like one who, from a State of Perplexity, had brought his Reflections to an Issue ; Withdraw, *Behemoth*, said he to the Vizier, before the Sun sets thou shalt know my Pleasure. The Vizier, with a profound Reverence obey'd, and the Sultan immediately dispatch'd one of his Pages to order *Achmet* to come into his Presence that Moment.

Achmet was then at the Feet of his charming Widow, dissolv'd in Raptures, for her having, in Acknowledgment of his late Sacrifice,

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con-

consented that the morrow should be their Wedding-Day: But, on receiving the Sultan's Command, took, as he thought, a short Farewell, and hasten'd to obey it.

Being come to the Seraglio, he found the Sultan alone; who thus signified his Pleasure. *Behemoth* is thy Enemy, *Achmet*; I, therefore, am not prone to give him credit, when he brings Complaints against thee; nor could prevail on my self to condemn thee without a Hearing. I ask'd thy Advice preferable to his, and follow'd it; but enjoin'd thee not to let the Secret escape thee: He says thou hast; and adds such Particulars, as would stagger any Man less attach'd to thee than I. Is it true? I will be determined by
thy

thy own Voice ; for I am still confident thou can'st not lye. *Achmet*, covered with Confusion, continued silent---My Friend, continues the Sultan, do not give me the Pain of doubting a Moment.---O *Fatima*, cries out the unfortunate *Achmet*, and fainted away. But, soon recovering himself, and being out of Countenance, at his want of Firmness when he needed it so much, recollected all that was brave about him, and then went on : Lord of my Life, I will not pretend to extenuate, what can neither be concealed or excused. I have trusted a Woman with my Honour, who it appears, had none of her own. The Secret is out, and I am undone.--- Another Pause of Silence ensued--The Sultan

Sultan looked to be the Image of Sorrow, and *Achmet* of Despair.--At last the Sultan clos'd the Scene with these Words: *Achmet*, I am not only sorry for thee, but the whole kind; since thou hast deceiv'd me, I have lost all Confidence, and from henceforward will be governed by Interest always, by Inclination never.--The Aga *Osmyr* I will, however, employ on thy Recommendation; since, I am well persuaded, his Virtue deserved it; nor will I ever shock him with the Remembrance of thy Indiscretion. --- Adieu, *Achmet*, we have each of us lost a Friend, which neither can ever regain. At these Words the Monarch rose, and *Achmet*, having kiss'd the Hem of his Robe, left his Presence,
in

in a Situation of Mind, to be imagin'd, perhaps, but not to be describ'd.

When he found himself at home, he threw himself on the first Sofa he met with, stunn'd with the Misfortune that had befall him, and, for the present, incapable of Reflection; his Servants spread the Table, and he sat down to it as usual, but with the Mien of one who slept with his Eyes open; in the Possession, but without the Use of his Senses. In this dreadful Manner he pass'd the rest of the Day, and when Night came on, it brought with it neither Comfort nor Repose. With the Dawn his intellectual Faculties returned: The Promise he had so long solicited, and which he had receiv'd with

with such Raptures from *Fatima*,
 rush'd into his Mind, and, rousing
 him from his Trance at once, dis-
 play'd before his View a Scene of
 Wretchedness, that seem'd to have
 neither Bound nor End. What was
 before his Paradise, was now be-
 come his Hell. Both *Fatima* and
 himself he consider'd as fallen An-
 gels, that Grace could not reach, that
 Penitence could not save. He had
 forfeited his Honour; she had be-
 tray'd her Love. But to think of
 her was Horror; to be wedded to
 her Madness; and in his own Heart
 no Resource of Comfort was left: It
 was an empty, useless Casket, from
 whence the Twin-Jewels, Honour
 and Content, were stoln.

Such

Such was the deplorable Situation of the unfortunate *Achmet* ; while *Fatima*, on the other Hand, had slept like the Favourite of Providence, in the very Arms of Tranquility, and saluted the Morning when she rose, as the Harbinger of Happiness; Love and *Achmet* took up all her Thoughts ; she dress'd, she laugh'd, she summon'd her Friends to share in her Good-Fortune ; she thought the Moments, instead of being wing'd, had leaden Feet, and wantonly chid them to make more Haste away.

The appointed Hour at last arrived : The Circle was form'd all bright, all beautiful : The Bride in the Midst distinguish'd like the Morning Star, by superior Lustre. Nothing now was wanting but *Achmet*,
and

and every hasty Footstep seem'd to promise his Arrival.

But, behold, in his stead, when Expectation was almost sick with Longing, a Messenger enters, and who, having presented a Billet to *Fatima*, vanish'd in such Haste, as seem'd to indicate an Answer was no Part of his Commission.

At this unexpected Incident the Bride's Countenance fell at once, her Breast heav'd, her Colour went and came, her Hand trembled, a cold Sweat stood upon her Brow; and, having with her Eye ran hastily over the fatal Letter, she gave a loud Shriek, and fainted away.

The Gaiety of a Nuptial Scene was now wholly lost in a general Confusion; Part of the Bride's fair
Friends,

Friends received her in their Arms,
 and us'd their best Endeavours to
 recal her wandring Spirits; while
 the rest, with irresistible Curiosity,
 examin'd the Lines which had Power
 to effect so sudden and so sad a
 Change.

E

The

L E T T E R.

ACHMET *to* FATIMA.

O Fatima!

THOU hast ruin'd the Man who
 ador'd thee. I trusted thee
 with my Honour, and thou hast be-
 tray'd it to my Enemy. Of Trea-
 chery, however, I do not accuse
 thee : But if Frailty implies Guilt,
 thou hast even more to answer for
 than I : For had'st not thou tempted,
 I had not fallen. --- Thee I forgive ;
 myself I cannot ; and, for fear I
 should, am resolv'd to look on the
 Eyes of my Undoer no more.----
 Adieu, *Fatima!* Before this is pre-
 sented

sented to thee, I shall be number'd
with those that have been.

The Moment this was read, the
House rung with Lamentations, and
Messengers were dispatch'd at full
Speed, to prevent, if possible, such
a miserable Catastrophe. Impossible,
indeed, it prov'd. Dead they found
him on his Sofa; with a Smile on
his Countenance, as if to signify his
Transgression was now atton'd for.
On a Table near him lay the Copies
of two Letters, the Contents of
which were as follow.

To the SULTAN.

TH O' I surviv'd my Honour, I
could not the just Resentment
which

which follow'd the Loss of it. My Innocence was then my Glory, and, on the Strength of that, I one Day hoped to convince thee, how justly thy People complain of *Behemoth*; how deeply thou art injur'd by his infamous Administration; and from what disinterested Motives I oppos'd it.

But when his Artifices had prevail'd against me, when I became answerable for this one Escape, I looked upon myself both as a useless, and a culpable Being; and, therefore, chose to lay down Life, as a Burthen, which every Day would have render'd more grievous, than it had been the last.

If ever then thou should'st do
Achmet the Honour of a Remem-
 brance,

brance, let it be, as of one who liv'd
for thy Service, and, when inca-
pable of acting up to his Wishes,
would live no longer: As of one
who was devoted to thy Person, not
thy Power; and who, in an Age of
Prostitution, gave it no Counte-
nance by his Example.

Tho' *Behemoth*, I know, will find
matter of Triumph in my Death,
and, perhaps, endeavour to set a
Mark of Infamy on my Grave, I
neither crave thy Royal Protection
from his Insults, nor Umbrage for
my Memory: Posterity is impartial,
and will do justice to us both: But
if ever I have found Favour of thy
Sight, if ever I prov'd my self in
Heart devoted to thee, beware thy self
of his pernicious Counsels! 'Tis the
Ad-

Advice that, living, I always gave thee: 'Tis the Advice that, dying, I bequeath thee.-- He will, as usual, make a Merit of shielding thee from the ill Practices of thy Enemies; but thou wilt one Day find, that no Enemy is half so much to be dreaded, as a false Friend. That thy Days may be long and happy, thy Reign glorious, thy End serene, and thy Memory rever'd, is the last Prayer of thy Slave,

ACHMET.

To

To BEHEMOTH,

Behemoth,

I Committed one Trespafs, and
punish'd it with my own Hand
(how happy had it been for thy
Country, if thou had'st done the
same by thine ?) but had'st thou as
many Lives as there are Moments
in a Year, and were to forfeit them
all in Succession, could'st thou say,
with a safe Conscience, when laying
down thy last, *My Sins are expiated ?*
As thou hast but one Life then to
forfeit, thou wilt say perhaps, alas,
for Pity ! that in this Case, Justice
is bankrupt, and cannot satisfy such
an Infinity of Claims; and thou wilt
say true. But if thou hast the least
Par-

Particle of Honesty remaining, thou wilt offer a Composition, at least, and agree to pay, as far as thou art able.---History will then have one Instance to quote in thy Favour; and when thou shalt have thy final Audit, thou wilt have something to plead in Abatement of the heavy Punishment thou hast Reason to expect, and can'st not possibly avoid.

Thou hast never thought me thy Friend; but thy Flatterers never advised thee half so honestly; and tho' it has hitherto been my Glory, that we never yet trode in the same Path, 'tis now my earnest Request, that thou would'st follow me. By the Time that thou receivest this Paper, I shall have put an end to an obnoxious Life. According to the Saying
of

of the Prophet of the *Nazarenes*, Go
 THY WAY, AND DO LIKEWISE.

*So shall the Land have Rest,
 as well as*

ACHMET.

Here the Tale breaks off: And
 whether *Behemoth* follow'd the Ex-
 ample of *Achmet*, or *Achithopel*;
 whether the Sultan learn'd to walk
 without ministerial Leading-Strings;
 and whether *Fatima* broke her Heart
 for the Loss of her Lover, will re-
 main Doubts, perhaps, till the
 Judgment-Day.

F I N I S.

(43)
 of the Prophet of the Nazarene Co-
 THY WAY, AND DO LIKEWISE.
 So shall the Lamb have Rest,
 as well as
 ACHMET.

Here the Tale breaks off: And
 whether Babel's towers follow'd the Ex-
 ample of Nimrod, or Anti-Chriſt;
 whether the Sultan learn'd to walk
 without miniſterial Leading-Strings;
 and whether Sultan's broke his Heart
 for the Loſe of his Lover, will re-
 main Doubts, perhaps, till the
 Judgment-Day.

F I N I S.

